

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 841.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 19th, 1893.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

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Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



A TERRIBLE SHOCK.

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 19th, 1893.—No. 841.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING
THE RIGHTS
OF LABOR.

LABOR AND CAPITAL now have some clearly defined issues upon which to fight. They have carried their warfare into Court, and judicial acumen has stripped it of the maze of recrimination that has heretofore obscured it. The Federal Court at Toledo has decreed that Labor must strike from its statutes all rules, compliance with which means a breach of the law. The rule that called out this decree requires members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to refuse to handle freight or from a railroad upon which there is a strike of their organization. Compliance with this rule plainly violated the Interstate Commerce law. It also as plainly violated the fundamental law which is that every man must have the right to do as he will, within certain prescribed limits. This law is older than labor organizations, but they have strangely been allowed to violate it. The laboring man is prone to believe that there is a sanctity in manual labor that exempts him from all law; and the leniency that has met his periodic bursts of outlawry has nourished this belief.

* * *

When the decision of the Toledo Court was first announced, we said that it gave to Labor an effective means of redressing its wrongs without breaking the law; that in punishing Labor's conspiracy against Capital, the law must necessarily condemn Capital's conspiracy against Labor. Labor has promptly availed itself of the advantage that we pointed out. The Clothing Manufacturers' Association locked out the United Garment Cutters. The latter retaliated by warning the customers of the former to cease trading with it. The manufacturers thereupon asked the Supreme Court for an injunction restraining the cutters from issuing this boycott circular. The injunction was refused because they were guilty of conspiring to keep the United Garment Cutters out of employment; they sought equitable intervention with unclean hands, and it was rightly denied them. Pursuant to this decision, individual cutters are bringing civil suits against the Clothing Manufacturers' Association, and there is talk of a criminal prosecution. Labor in this case has thus far got its full rights by invoking the aid of its old enemy the Law. There is a vital significance attaching to this litigation. It affects the rights of man—the foundations of society. An ideal labor organization would be unlawful, because it would be a conspiracy to monopolize some branch of labor—or, in other words, it would be a trust. There will never be an ideal labor organization, but there may be closer approximations to it than we have yet had. Therefore it behooves any organization that has power, to beware of trust methods, lest it become subject to trust legislation. Staple commodities such as lead, sugar, rubber, rope, etc., are in the hands of trusts, in open defiance of the

law. This law should be enforced, and its enforcement should warn the Labor Trust, the most important of them all, against an intemperate use of its power. The most of us are workers, and a Labor Trust is the one trust we would tolerate, so long as it worked to good ends.

* * *

The laboring man is slow to learn the lesson that his acts of violence and his unreasonable demand that a man not of his guild shall not be given employment only provoke resistance in kind. He is slow to perceive that his cause is only good when it has a legal status. This was shown at the mass-meeting held in New York shortly after Judge Barrett's decision in the garment cutters' case. The labor agitator was there and delivered himself of the usual rot about the law being on the side of Capital, and the divine right of Labor to strike, which he falsely said had been denied by the Toledo judges. The pernicious greed of soulless corporations was duly condemned. This is the kind of talk with which the walking delegate filches money from the laboring man to pay carriage hire. It is time for the laboring man to realize that this frothy talk does not jibe well with the consideration he is receiving from the courts. After gaining victory in a civil suit, it does n't look well for him to listen to a labor agitator's invectives against Law and Capital. The fact that he has only these to rely upon, and that he has only to hustle in order to make them good friends of his, should teach him to be moderate—after he has immoderately kicked the professional agitator out of his councils.

CONCERNING
THE BONDAGE
OF BROOKLYN.

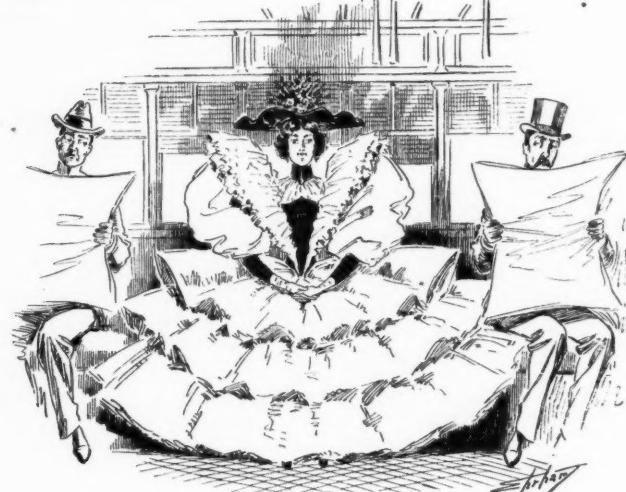
* * *

Vox populi, vox McLaughlin! That is the way Brooklyn says it these days. Ground under the heel of an Irish oligarchy, she is denied the right of suffrage. The Senate did not defeat the Greater New York bill; it simply refused to let the people vote upon the bill. If Mr. Gladstone needs to adduce any further evidence of the Irishman's fitness to govern himself, he has only to point to the Land of the Free, where a few Senators with "Mc" bristling from the front of their surnames, can throttle a few million of the Free into meek subserviency. Discussion upon the merits of the Greater New York bill was entirely confined to its political aspects. The desire of the majority of Brooklyn citizens for annexation was ignored. The economic side of the question was held in rigid quarantine. Brooklyn's tax-rate is nearly three times the New York rate. In order to dispose of the resulting surplus, the Brooklyn Machine a year ago raised the salaries of the Brooklyn city officials all around, some salaries being almost doubled. This was not quite sufficient to destroy the surplus. The Machine's further efforts to this end are now engaging the attention of a criminal court in Brooklyn. Justice has scored a triumph over ring rule in this instance, as the indicted city officials will undoubtedly be made to apologize for their depredations before they are set free. The drain upon the Brooklynite, however, is not lessened. He will be forced to wear unblacked shoes for another year, and to practice those other little economies with which tradition has identified him. It was a hard lesson, but it may incite the good people of Brooklyn to rebellion. The question of municipal consolidation will grow and ripen. Another year the people will insist upon the right to express at the polls their will concerning it. Brooklyn should study and emulate the sturdy independence of New York in this matter of machine rule. Tammany would never trample so tyrannically upon the rights of New Yorkers. It would never dare to withhold from them the right to vote upon a measure affecting their welfare. Of course, if the measure did n't please the Machine, Tammany would squelch it at the polls, promptly and neatly; but New York may vote upon any question it likes.

IT HAS ITS ADVANTAGES.



THE MAIDEN.—"T is only just a year ago
To this we were subjected."



But, thanks to changing fashion, now
We're practically protected.



DEAD!

MEADOWS.—Yes; this is Lonesomehurst. It was laid out last Spring.

STREETE.—It was? Well, what are they waiting for? Why don't they bury it?

THE COLD TRUTH.

THE ice-man is never at a loss for an explanation; and when the dog days come, and he is asked why his rates are so high, when last Winter was so cold and productive of his commodity, he will smile the crafty smile of a prime-minister, and say that he is selling the ice of the Winter before last, which was a warm one, and that last Winter the snow was so deep and hard, that they could n't get down to the pond.

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

QUILL.—Writing another book this season, old man?

SCREED.—No; I'm in training for a six-round go with Boothby Ham.

QUILL.—Why, you fellows are n't pugilists, are you?

SCREED.—No; but we've got to do something to prevent the profesh from crowding us both from literature and the stage.

A CINCH.

BELLE.—I'll bet you a kiss against a box of gloves that crinoline can not be introduced.

JACK.—That's not a fair wager. If I should win, I could n't get near enough to you to collect my bet.

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

WEARY WIGGINS.—It can not be questioned that our great national crime is heedless, endless suicidal over-work.

TIRED TOLLIVER.—Yes, alas! the beautiful art of repose seems lost to us forever.

THERE IS NOT much satisfaction to be had out of affliction. Just as you are beginning to enjoy it, some unlooked-for pleasure is sure to appear to spoil all your pain.

WHEN THE OARSMAN retires he comes out of his shell.

A BOOGIE LORD — Mahomet.

PRIZE FIGHTING does a good deal towards helping out the theory that man descended from the brute creation.



SHOWING WORTH.

MRS. WINTERWHEAT (*to her sister*).—Ada, do you propose sitting there the entire evening?

ADA GRAMERCY (*with spiteful satisfaction*).—No; but I propose sitting here until I have given those hateful Graham girls the full effect of the back of this new gown.

THE PUGILIST'S END.

The boasts of sluggers and the pomp of power,
And all the fistic art our thoughts engage,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The path of bruising leads but to the stage.

A WISE PROVIDENCE.

"Say, Uncle Moses, how did de Lawd make de berry fust man?"

"How did de Lawd make de fust man? W'y he done made him out ob de earf, out ob de mud; dat's how he made him."
"Den w'y doan' he make 'em out o' mud any mo'?"

"'Cause de Lawd doan' neber do noffin' extrabagant, my chile. Land ain't as cheap as it was 'fo' de wah; and den, too, fust ting you know, some white pusson ud buy up all de mud and put a stop to de poperlation, and den whar'd we be? Dar ain't no good talkin' bout it, honey; de Lawd am de best jedge ob how to go about his own business."



THE CAUSE.

THE PROFESSOR.—Ah, my liver is out of order again! I can always tell it by these sharp, shooting pains in my head.

ECONOMY.

JONES (*who has papered his office with Columbian stamps*).

—Yes, it looks fully as well, and is much cheaper than wall paper; besides, you save the cost of the paste.

A SHADOW DANCE.

MURRAY.—What is that horse struggling about down the Avenue?

HILL.—Oh, that's one of the Fifth Avenue stage horses. The poor brute is struggling to cast a shadow.

GOT THERE.

PETERS, *pere*.—Did you pass into the Sophomore class this time?

PETERS, *filz*.—Yes—after a fashion. I was confronted by a theory I could n't get around, so I took a condition.

SELF-INKERS—Amateur Writers.

SMALL TALK — "Yes" and "No."

A LUMP SUM — Damages for a Clubbing.

IF WISHES were horses, beggars would kick because they were not bicycles.

HARD ON THE RICH — Diamonds.

SLUMPS. — The blind have an acute sense of touch.

GRUMPS. — Yes; particularly blind beggars.



FRENCH TALES RETOLD
WITH A UNITED STATES TWIST.*

THE PETTIBONE 'BROLLY.'

Retold from the French of M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT

by H. C. BUNNER.

IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, which is the interesting suburban colony that lies tucked away behind the Jefferson Market Clock-tower, in the very heart of New York City, you may still see rows of three-story red-brick houses, with low front-stoops and green front-doors, each of which bears a shining brass knocker and a neat silver door-plate.



It is harder to gain admission to some of these houses than it is to pass the portals of a Fifth Avenue Millionaire; but if you could open one of those green doors and enter, you would see just about what you would see if you were in the house to the right of it, or if you were in the house to the left of it.

You would see before you a long narrow hall, with oil-cloth on the floor, and the other kind of oil-cloth—the shiny kind—on the stairs, laid over a strip of stair-carpet. The walls are painted, except a few that preserve the old-fashioned paper that imitates blocks of marble. Near the foot of the stairs is the parlor door, narrow and inhospitable, and generally closed on week-days. The parlor has a flowery Brussels carpet. The Brussels is American Brussels, so the blinds are shut most of the time. There is a very narrow, gilt-framed pier-glass between the two front windows. On the little white marble shelf below it, stands, under a glass globe with chenille around the bottom, a plate of wax fruit touched by the hand of Death in 1864. On the mantel-piece are a fancy clock in French bronze, with green paint simulating verdigris in every depression, a white cross entwined with ivy leaves in a material resembling beet-sugar, and a stuffed bird. The two-branch gas-fixture in the middle of the ceiling is always done up in pink mosquito-netting, although a fly would starve to death in that room. In the corner is a grand piano. The last tune played on it was "Tramp, tramp, tramp!" On top of the piano, in a round case of glass and polished black walnut, is somebody's funeral wreath embalmed in paraffine. Sometimes the vigorous duster of the mistress of the house disturbs this ponderous article, and as its feet grit on the piano-top a thin, hoarse murmur comes from the dull strings below. The whole room smells old and cold and coffin-varnishy.

Back of this is a room which is dining-room, drawing-room, living-room and sitting-room, where there are bare places worn in the carpet in front of the old folks' chairs; where there are geraniums in the windows, and a hyacinth-glass, and bird-seed growing in a wet sponge; where of Winter evenings the wife cuts out her dresses on the black-walnut dining table, and the husband reads his newspaper with his slumped feet on the base of the stove.

In such a house as this lived Mr. and Mrs. Obadiah Pettibone, a childless couple somewhat past middle age. For thirty years Pettibone had been a clerk in a large commission-house downtown, and for twenty-nine of these thirty years he and Mrs. Pettibone had lived together in what might be called a sort of financial and economic union, in which the wife was the active and dominating partner. They were married by the church—their certificate hung framed in that cold front parlor—but they were far more closely united by their love of saving, which, in the woman's case, came almost to a mania. To save the very shadow of a cent was to her a religious duty; and that she could stand by her convictions every tradesman in the ward knew by personal experience. It was not a wasteful nor extravagant neighborhood, but even its thrifty and frugal denizens looked upon Mrs. Pettibone with disfavor, as a woman who almost brought the cardinal virtue of economy into ill-repute.

It may be understood, therefore, that this household was thrown into some disturbance when Mr. Pettibone came home one day and announced



that he was going to replace the seventy-five-cent cotton umbrella that he had carried for four years by a five-dollar silk one—and made this announcement with the sullen and dogged manner whereby a henpecked man indicates to his wife that he has reached a point where he is going to have his own way for once.

None the less did Mrs. Pettibone rave. She could see at a glance that Pettibone's case was absolutely sound and unassailable. The umbrella was a shocking object. That it had brought upon him the jeers of his fellow-clerks, and exposed him to ridicule, she did not greatly care; but when she learned that the younger men of the office had served formal notice on her husband that if he reappeared with that umbrella—and carrying an umbrella was his life-long habit; he would not have known what to do with a cane—they would open a general subscription among themselves and the clerks of other offices with whom they had business relations, for the purpose of buying him a new one, and that the new one must be of silk to cost not less than five dollars—then Mrs. Pettibone understood that the inevitable had to be faced. For such a scandal downtown might bring his penuriousness, or rather her penuriousness, to the ears of his employers, and endanger his position. And although, after twenty-nine years of saving, the Pettibones owned the house they lived in, and two or three others, they would have regarded the loss of the husband's stipend as an affliction hardly to be borne.

It was Saturday afternoon when the blow fell, and until the evening meal was concluded, Mrs. Pettibone scolded and harangued, and bewailed her lot. She tried in roundabout ways of feminine ingenuity to fix upon her husband the blame for the situation. At last she remembered that when they bought the seventy-five-cent umbrella he had preferred one at eighty-nine cents; and she berated him soundly for not having insisted upon its purchase. A man, she said, was expected to know about umbrellas. If he knew that this other one was so much better, why did he not tell her so and get it, like a man? But no; he wanted, as usual, to throw all the responsibility upon her shoulders, so that he could have her to blame if anything went wrong. If he had got the better umbrella, it would have worn well and would not have excited the attention of the other clerks; and this disgrace and expense would not have been brought upon them. It was just like him.

And therewith her soul was satisfied, and she put on her best bonnet and the black lace shawl that she wore for state; and they marched out into the night, to make of the buying of the five-dollar umbrella a solemn and, as it were, a monumental occasion.

Through Bleeker Street they went, not that they meant to commit any such folly as the investment of five dollars in any umbrella to be found in that motley thoroughfare; but because Mrs. Pettibone wished to begin in an atmosphere of one-dollar-and-ninety-seven-cent silk umbrellas and work her courage gradually up to the sticking-point.

Then to Sixth Avenue they betook themselves, where the elevated railroad plied its roaring, flashing shuttles back and forth over their heads, weaving dividends for Murray Hill; where the great arc-lights sputtered and hissed and crackled as they spread their unsteady, dancing glare over the shop-fronts; where crowds jostled them, where girls winked at the old man, and street vendors thrust children's toys in his wife's face, crying,

"Buy one, lady; buy one for the baby!"

It was in Eighth Avenue at last, in an "Emporium" famous for its "bargains" in every variety of goods, from stove-lifters to ladies' hats, that, just as the store was closing, as the lights were going out, and the tired clerks were covering the counters with long strips of cotton cloth, that Mrs. Pettibone bought an umbrella for four dollars and ninety-eight cents; thereby saving her pride, and acquiring an article that would pass muster with the connoisseurs of Pettibone's office.

* * * * *

When Pettibone returned from downtown on Monday evening, his wife met him at the door. It was a habit she had, founded not so much on warm affection as on a desire to satisfy herself that he was all there, as a mother examines the condition in which a child returns from school.

"I don't wonder you wear out your umbrellas, if you fold them like that," said she, taking it, and carefully opening it. Then she stood aghast, pointing one skinny finger at a little circular brown-edged hole near the centre of the hemisphere. She gazed, her eyes burning with a solemn indignation, upon her bald-headed, pale-faced, wrinkled husband; who stood before her, clad in limp creased broadcloth, swaying a little from side to side with the feebleness of a man grown aged in sedentary toil, a pitifully respectable and common-place figure.

"Obadiah," she said, in a dreadful voice, "you've been making a circus clown of yourself, and showing off before those fellows in the office, and you've ruined your umbrella! Well, as you've made your bed, so you shall lie."

It was of no use for Pettibone to protest and vow that he had let

(Continued on page 134, this number.)





OUT OF IT, EITHER WAY.

OFFICER O'HARA.—Bein' a policeman in New York is har-r-nd wor-r-rk.

MRS. O'HARA.—Yis, darlnt.

OFFICER O'HARA.—If a policeman goes asleep on his bate, the Commissioners will dischar-r-ge him; an' if he keeps awake, the politicians will have him dischar-r-rged.

HE WAS RIGHT.

CHALMERS.—What caused Morley's death?
JENCKS.—The coroner's verdict was "heart-failure."

CHALMERS.—I thought they would be unable to discover the cause of it; and, you see, I was right.



HUNTED DOWN.

LONG-SUFFERING CITIZEN (who has just bought a third row orchestra seat).—Now let me have the two seats directly in front of it—I'm bound to see a play for once without being annoyed by big hats and high sleeves!

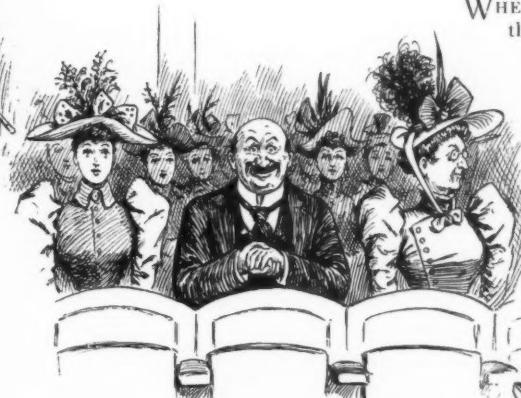
PLIABLE PROVERBS.

"THE WEAKEST must go to the wall;" except that in an exhibition of paintings the strongest go to the wall; though in some exhibitions the rule apparently still holds.

"A SMALL SPARK makes a great fire,"—and a short "spark" has been known to make a million-dollar match.

"A GOOD SERVANT makes a good master,"—and a bad servant also makes a good master—swear.

"BORROWED GARMENTS never fit well;" and the same may be said of the garments "made to measure" in London.



LONG-SUFFERING CITIZEN.—That was a great idea of mine—a little expensive, but anything to escape the big hats! Now bring on your play!

THE SUBURBAN ATHLETE.

WHEN HIS day's work is over he goes to the "gym."—And he runs on the race-track to keep in fine trim; And the distance he runs in a manner most fleet Is one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight feet.

Oh, he smiles when he covers this distance, though small, Just inside of two minutes without break or fall; For this is the distance each morning that he Must run from his breakfast to catch the 8:03.

R. K. M.

INCONTESTABLE EVIDENCE.

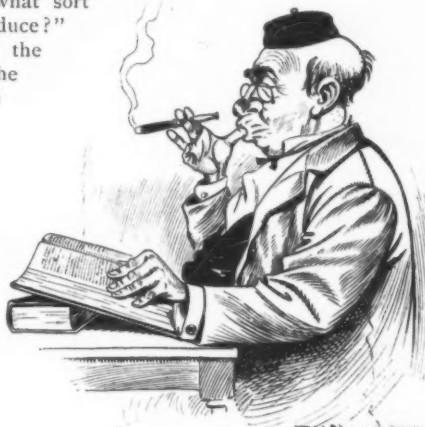
HIS LORDSHIP.—I fahncy, now, dontcherknow, that the De Peyster Oldingtons are one of your best American families?

MCALLISTER SNOBSON.—Ah! Ya-as. They spend the Summer in England and the Winter in the Riviera; one of the girls has married a count with sixteen quarterings; another has run off with the family coachman, and two of the sons have fought duels over other men's wives.

EASILY ANSWERED.

"If a battery will produce electric currents," asked the man with the bundles, who frequented variety performances, "what sort of fruit will a locomotive produce?"

"Toot-ti-fruit-ti," yelled the news agent coming down the aisle; and the man with the bundles went to sleep.



CAN'T HURT EACH OTHER.

PALMER.—Oscar Wilde is very fond of the modern French drama.

FROHMAN.—Well, let him. The modern French drama is not worth wasting any sympathy on.

IN CHICAGO.

MUGBY.—Is n't it strange that lady should wear an emerald engagement ring?

ROSE BUDD.—It is n't an engagement ring. You know green means forsaken, don't you?

MUGBY.—No; I never knew that.

ROSE BUDD.—Well, it does; and that girl is wearing a divorce ring.

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.—Confound these cigars! They don't appear to draw at all.

WHEN DOCTOR JOHNSON writes his next dictionary, we may find that "enterprise" means "a long newspaper nose well poked into a convenient key-hole."

INSURANCE is a thoughtful provision for the unfortunate and the firebug.



TWO MINUTES LATER!!!

nobody touch the umbrella, except the person appointed by his tormentors to see that it came up to specifications. It took Mrs. Pettibone three hours that evening to darn that hole, not with silk, but with cotton, carefully and pitilessly chosen not to match. Part of the time, of course, she was telling Pettibone what she thought of him.

But the next evening when she opened the umbrella, she stood as though a thunder-bolt had fallen at her feet. Pettibone was exonerated; but the umbrella was ruined. On the inside of every fold were a dozen or more tiny perforations which, when the umbrella was fully opened, combined to form an intricate pattern—a sort of impromptu Hamburg edging design. Not the most malicious mind could have connected Pettibone with such a design, nor with the instrument with which it was made—for the smell of cigarette-smoke mingled easily and naturally with the smell of burnt silk.

"We might cover it—" began Mr. Pettibone.

"Cover!" said Mrs. Pettibone. She simply repeated the word; but the way in which she repeated it clearly conveyed the idea that her husband had proposed to cover the umbrella with pink silk at \$12.00 a yard and to inlay the ribs with diamonds.

The strongest tyrant sometimes goes too far, and it is very often upon a point that might well have been yielded.

"Then I'll have another umbrella!" said Pettibone.

He had another umbrella. The battle raged all the evening, and ended in a compromise. He was to buy one more umbrella; and he was to get special permission to place it, during office hours, in the private closet of the senior partner—a spot where it would have been sacrilege and discharge to touch it. So on the morrow he left the house early; and with no ceremony at all, but with the hurried, brazen, cowardly-desperate manner of a man who finds himself forced into doing a shameful thing, he bought another \$4.98 umbrella just as the Eighth Avenue Emporium was opened and the yawning clerks were uncovering the counters.

(To be continued.)

(This series of short tales was begun in No. 83 of PUCK.)

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

JASPER.—So that beautiful heiress, Miss Smith, has thrown herself away on a penniless nobleman!

JARVIS.—Yes; she evidently believes that a good name is better than great riches.

WHEN THE high tariff is knocked off of "imported" goods, we may find that the cheap things we make at home are just about as good.

ON THE CONTRARY
—Woman.

IN WASHINGTON many call, but few are chosen.



3rd TRIP.



1st TRIP.

ON THE BEAT.



2nd TRIP.



4th TRIP.



A GALLANT YOUTH.

MRS. KNIGHT.—How did you tear your clothes so dreadfully?

JOHNNY KNIGHT.—Trying to rescue a boy from getting a nawful beating.

MRS. KNIGHT.—That's a good little man—who was the boy?

JOHNNY KNIGHT.—The boy? Why, me! and the teacher didn't get the best of him, either!

A BELIEVER IN MODERATION.

JACK FORD.—Don't be so down on your luck, old man. Remember, "Sweet are the uses of Adversity."

UPPERSON WALKER.—Oh, it is n't its uses; it is its abuses I object to!

BY PROXY.

AMICUS.—Riter's articles are always very appropriate.

CRITIC.—Yes; and the ideas in most of them are appropriated.

MAY.—Love is a disease, Frank.

FRANK.—Yes; but it has its gold cure.

A STRIP OF LAND—
Harvesting.

THE RIGHT BOWER—
Home.



TRIPPED UP.

BARGAIN SALES OF THE FUTURE.

THIS MUST be affecting to thrifty housewives to reflect that, if "marking down" goods continues to be an expedient of trade, the announcement of bargain sales, ten years hence, will probably be something like the following:

PLUSH LOUNGING CHAIRS, **15** cts. each, or two for **25**; were **19** cts.

LADIES' SEAL-SKIN SACQUES, **99** cts.; were **\$1.20**.

PIANO LAMPS, three for **10** cts.; were **7** cts. each.

IMPORTED HEAVY BLACK SILKS, **9 $\frac{1}{2}$** — **11** — and **14** cts. per yard; reduced from **20** cts.

EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, **3** cts. per doz.; reduced from **8** cts.

HEAVY DAMASK LINEN TABLE CLOTHS, three for **25** cts.; reduced from **40** cts.

IMPORTED SILK AND CASHMERE WRAPPERS, **7 $\frac{3}{4}$** to **18** cts. each.

A large assortment of reduced PARIS HATS and BONNETS at **39** — **50** — **60** and **85** cts.

M. S. B.

BOTH GET THE "DUST."

"Only a feather duster;

But I worship it," she said,

"For its fascinating likeness

To Paderewski's head."



A CURE FOR IT.

FRIEND.—One of your clerks tells me you raised his salary and told him to get married, under penalty of discharge.

BUSINESS-MAN.—Yes; I do that to all my clerks when they get old enough to marry. I don't want any of your independent, conceited men around my place.



A CONVENIENT ACCOMPLISHMENT.

MRS. HIRAM DALY.—Why, Bridget, I did n't know you could write!

BRIDGET (*proudly*) —Yis, Mum. Me writhin' has got me monny a place. Oi wroite all av me own riconmendations.

CAN'T AFFORD THE CHARIOT.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—I am told that Carrie Hysee earns eight hundred dollars a week for singing in Comic opera.

UPSON DOWNES.—Would that I could follow Emerson's advice and hitch my chariot to a star!

A GLORIOUS COUNTRY.

PULLEN.—Say, Jake, I want an office!

PUSCH (*influential politician*).—Offices are all gone. But, lemme see; may be I kin do something. Empty bottles is worth money, I hear. I'll put through an ordinance compelling people to place their empty bottles in a proper receptacle on the curb; and then I'll push through an appropriation of a couple o' hundred thousand dollars a year to collect 'em; and you can do the collecting an' give 'em to me.

EASTWISE.—The Man who Doffs his Flannels in April.

IN THE second generation, the self-made man is very often tailor-made.

WE MAY PROTEST against crinoline as much as we like, but we will find it a mighty hard thing to sit on.



AN UNWORTHY RELATIVE.

OLD LADY.—Seems to me you're the same man who came along about a month ago, and after eating a good meal refused to saw a little wood for me.

PATCHWORK PETERSON.—No, Mum; dat muster been my twin brother—dat feller always was de black sheep of der family!

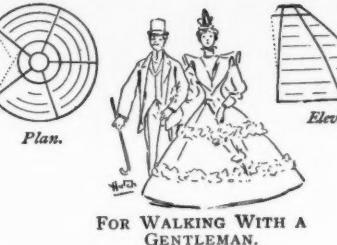
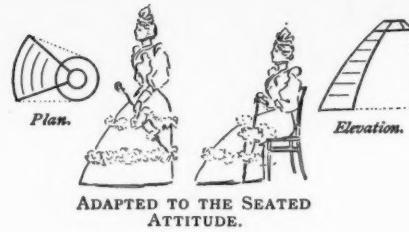
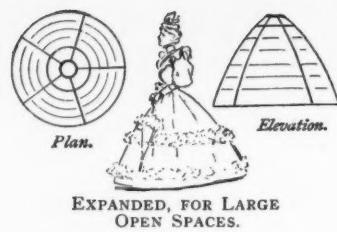


PUCK.



EEADING 'EM OUT.

"IN TIME OF PEACE," ETC.



IN VIEW of the threatened return of the hoop-skirt, a survivor of the last epidemic begs to announce that he is perfecting an invention which, if generally adopted, will materially diminish the sufferings of the people and the area covered by the plague. The hoop-skirt, as some readers may remember, is in form a truncated cone (or paraboloid),

the upper or smaller base of which surrounds the wearer's waist. If this conical surface is divided by vertical planes passing through the axis, the segments formed will be quadrangular and approximately trapezoidal. My idea is to construct the hoop-skirt of six or eight discrete segments sliding freely, one over another, on a short, conical framework. A simple mechanism, actuated by inconspicuous cords, convenient to the wearer's hand, will contract the hoop-skirt to the angular dimensions of a single segment or a larger number, as occasion may demand.

Thus, a lady with infinite space at her disposal may appear surrounded by the full glory of her aureole, the wall-flower will restrict her involucrum to a semi-circumference or less, if the inflorescence of her species happens to be profuse (*see PLAN OF BOARDING-SCHOOL ON PARADE,*) and so on.

The accompanying diagrams will show the possibilities of the invention better than any poor words of mine, but I can not refrain from calling attention to a few of the beauties of the proposed system. The arrange-

ment adapted for sitting can be changed with ease to that adapted for kneeling.

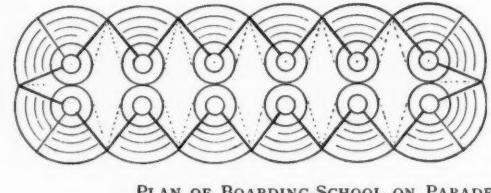
The arrangement for walking with a gentleman, too, not only allows a pleasing propinquity not attainable with the old form of apparatus, but effects the concealment of the gentleman's feet, which is usually desirable on aesthetic grounds, and even in the street. Substantially the same arrangement is suited to the protection of small children. The analogy to the chick under the mother's wing is obvious.

The arrangement for schools exemplifies the adage: — "In union there is strength," and suggests a fortified castle sheltering youth and innocence within its walls. The accompanying pedagogues may be arranged as detached towers, or partially incorporated with the main structure as terminal or flanking bastions.

But, to my mind, the aesthetic advantage of the new system is best shown by the casual encounter of two, three or more moving paraboloids of crinoline, each bearing a lady in its axis, and their coalescence to a symmetrical pyramidal mass, differing little in form and dimensions from one of its constituent elements. (*See THREE LADIES,—Plan.*)

All these aesthetic and ethical considerations, however, are subordinate to the practical object of the invention — economy of space in our congested thoroughfares.

Dick Law.



A REALIZED IDEAL.

She wears a butterfly cape
To top off her new Spring things;
And I think, as I gaze on that winsome
shape,
That my angel's at last got wings!

G. E. Hanson.

MUCH DIFFERENCE AND LITTLE DISTINCTION.

WOODY BOOTH (*of the Amaranth*). — What is the difference between an amateur actor and a professional actor, anyhow?

GRINNAND BARRETT (*of the "Lost in Canarsie" Co.*). — The professional, sir, does his work well and is condemned; but the amateur does it poorly and is lauded to the skies.



A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

MISS DE MUIR. — Have you read Kant, Miss de Menor?

MISS DE MENOR. — No; but I own a copy of "Don't."

NO DOUBT a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, but mighty few of us have a chance to select.

IT IS easy to make epigrams of other people's failings.

KEEPING IN WITH HIS FRIENDS — The Convict.

SOME MEN are so narrow that they have hard work to cast a shadow.

A DIFFERENCE IN VISION.

DR. PEBBLES. — Can you read these letters?

EISEMANN. — No — dey vos all blurr'd.

IT IS usually the devil who lays the stone when a corner is made in Wall Street.

FORESIGHT, GENERALLY speaking, is a guess on the future which subsequent events proves to have been a good one.



A STEADY CALLER.

The Uncle rich who 's getting old,
The friend liked best of all,
And the mother-in-law inclined to scold
Will sometimes miss a call.
But there is one who never fails,
Ne'er has, nor never will;
It is the man — Installment Plan —
With his little weekly bill.

The Harlemiter.

GENERALLY.

UPSON DOWNES. — What is this?
"A Great Sacrifice Sale of Clothing."
I wonder what is sacrificed?

ROWNE DE BOUT. — Truth, of course.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY — Trout.



DR. PEBBLES. — How is that?

EISEMANN. — S' hellup me gracious! Dose vas as gear as der noonday sun!

It would be foolish to contend that other Pianos have not very good, excellent features; but every good feature in any Piano is, in a higher development, represented in the

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1108 Olive Street,
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SOHMER

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM.
THE PERFECTION
OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS
REMEDY
FOR ALL FORMS OF
INDIGESTION

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake Street, Cleveland, O.
CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

Pickings from Puck, 25 Cts.

FOR THE HELPLESS
Send for illustrated catalogue (free) of Rolling, Reclining and Carrying Chairs, Invalids' Comforts, etc., address **Sargent Mfg. Co.**, 814 Broadway, New York, or Muskegon, Mich.
Mention PUCK. 792*

Ask questions:

"Is it handsome, genuine, accurate?

Is it modern, with all the improvements? In all sizes and styles for everybody; the new, quick-winding Waterbury?"

Yes—to everything. A prominent publisher writes:

"You made one additional customer, and my quick-winding Waterbury is a better time-keeper than a hundred-dollar watch a friend of mine bought some months ago."

Yet the cost ranges from \$15 down to \$4. It has a jeweled movement, and is cased in dainty chatelaines, hunting-cases, open-faces, filled gold, coin-silver, etc. Every jeweler sells it.

38

THE virtues of Calisaya reside in certain active principles which are associated in the bark with inert, nauseous and astringent matter.

CALISAYA LA RILLA

contains all the virtues of the bark in a most delightful and effective cordial.

DUPLICATE WHIST

KALAMAZOO METHOD.—The only system giving the real test of skill—endorsed by The American Whist League and all leading Whist Clubs and Players. For Sale by Stationers and Dealers in Games. Send for Rules and Price-List.

HILLING BROS. & EVERARD, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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THE GLOBE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, O.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

TO THE YOUNG FACE
Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms, to the old renewed youth. Try it.



A SLIGHTLY PREMATURE JOKE.

No, gentle reader; this is not a freak of Nature from some dime museum. It is merely Mrs. Subbubs, with her new hoop-skirts, walking home. (She has just struck a mud-hole two feet deep.)

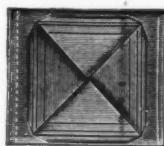
La Flor De Vallens & Co. Incomparable Clear Havana Cigars.

THE
BEST
THAT
MONEY
CAN
BUY.



If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13 Cigars for \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each.

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Unique Pat. Combination Bill Fold and Coin Purse.

Separate places for coin, bills and car tickets, independent of each other; flexibility; lightness; no metal parts to get out of order, or wear the leather. Ask your dealer for it, or I will send sample at following prices:

	Morocco.	Calif.	Steel.
4" 16 "	\$6.00	" 28 "	\$2.00
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Send me for Catalogue. Please mention PUCK.



Patented, January 30, 1892.

50 Cents.
All Dealers.



Wurlitzer Guitars:

POLISHED ANTIQUE OAK \$10.00
POLISHED MAHOGANY \$12.00
POLISHED ROSEWOOD \$16.00

Each guitar is standard size, has nickel-plated patent heads and tail piece, pearl position dots, orange polished sound boards, fancy wood—laid sound hole, hard wood polished neck, rosewood finger board. The Rosewood guitar has an inlaid edge, also.

Warranted perfect in Scale.
With each guitar is supplied a leather bound, fleece-lined, end-opening canvas case.

Either of above guitars will be sent to any express office, C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.,
Established 1857. CINCINNATI, O.

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AT HOME THAN IS
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Whisky,
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SOLE PROPRIETORS,
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For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

"Liebig Company's"

These two words are known in every well-ordered household throughout the world as designating the oldest, purest, best and always-to-be-depended-upon

Extract of Beef.

**GARMENTS—THAT FIT.
THAT WEAR WELL**
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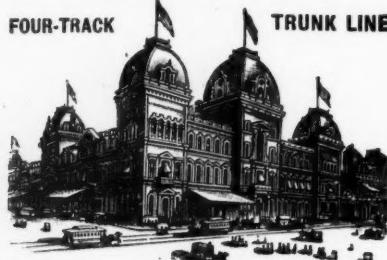
P. TSCHAICKOWSKY: Combines with great Volume of Tone a rare sympathetic and noble Tone Colour and perfect action.

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FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS.

MRS. MULCAHEY.—An' phat's the matter wid ye the mornin', Mrs. Doogan?

MRS. DOOGAN (*in evident agony*).—Ah, sorra th'day, Mrs. Mulcahey. Th'doother tould me to take a dose av castor-oile in sody wather. Oi made some sody wather, put th'ile in it, drank it down, an', oh, Mrs. Mulcahey! Oi never fit so strange in all me life!

If you have no appetite for breakfast, a pint of Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne will give you one immediately.

Sick headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer — Trial bottle 10c.

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FIRST IN TIRES AND IMPROVEMENTS.

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We were leaders then as we are leaders now. When looking for genuine improvements in bicycle making you know where to find them—on Victors.

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Pears' Soap

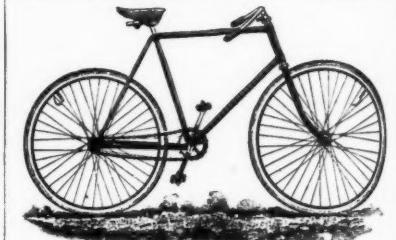
Skin blemishes, like foul teeth, are the more offensive because they are mostly voluntary.

The pores are closed. One can not open them in a minute; he may in a month.

Try plenty of soap, give it plenty of time, and often; excess of good soap will do no harm. Use Pears'—no alkali in it; nothing but soap.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

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on Road or in Race; A Sure Winner for Strength, Lightness and Grace.

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*At Breakfast—a Strengthener.
At Luncheon—a Comfort.
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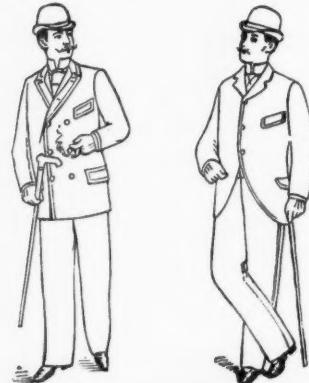
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Send 6c in stamps for postage on sample package, mailed free.

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WE ARE MAKING THEM FROM ENGLISH VICUNA CHEVIOTS IN ALL THE LEADING COLORINGS AND FANCY MIXTURES. ALSO, A SPECIAL LINE OF SILK-MIXED WORSTEDS.

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SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY
All riders say. Our spring frame with pneumatic tires saves muscle and nerves and is luxury indeed. You want the best. Investigate. We also make a 30 pound rigid frame Sylph. Cata. free.

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You Ought To Wear Garters

There is only one satisfactory garter, binding not, wearing well, ever comfortable, holding the stocking, preventing slack of drawers. Worn by gentlemen everywhere. It is the

BOSTON GARTER,

Made by George Frost Co., Boston. Sold by men's outfitters everywhere.



SOMETIMES HAPPENS.

MRS. GAYBOY.—What made you tell Mr. Dixon that I gave you those cigars for your birthday?

MR. GAYBOY.—Hush, my dear! I got stuck on that box, myself.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOE.



A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5.

Other Specialties as follows:



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Fine Sewed Shoes.



\$3.50 Police, Farmers, etc.



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For Working Men.



BEWARE OF FRAUD.



Ask for and insist upon having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. None genuine without W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy.



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Exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage Free. BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR Free to any one promising to buy W. L. Douglas Shoes when next purchasing. Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.



Said the Owl

to himself, "If the moon I could get, whenever I'm dry my throat I could wet; The moon is a quarter—with a quarter I hear; you can purchase five gallons of **Hires' Root Beer.**" A Delicious, Temperature-Quenching, Health-Giving Drink. Good for any time of year. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Be sure and get Hires'.

THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.

Rheims, Steuben Co., N. Y.

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A Natural Genuine Champagne, fermented in the bottle, two years being required to perfect the wine.

Our Sweet and Dry Catawba and Port are, like all our Wines, made from Selected grapes, and are Pure Wines.

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WHEN a woman is trying to write a letter on a half-sheet of paper much be said on both sides.—*Texas Siftings*.

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The house includes Parlors, Reception, Ball Room, Banquet Rooms, and all accessories, with mosaic floors, incandescent light, all conveniences, and completely furnished. The finest Assembly Rooms to be found in this country, and especially adapted for club purposes. For particulars, write to

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THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH at Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for \$1. Powdered form. GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 295 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

MR. HENNEY.—Sam, have you seen my new incubator?

SAM.—Hencubator? No, sah; but ef she done lay all dem yere eggs she am a mighty pow'ful fine fowl, sah! —*Truth*.



HOTEL BRUNSWICK. EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., 168th Street and 3d Avenue, N. Y. City.

"NOBODY may be a parvenu, but he knows what is right."

"How does he show it?"

"I heard him ask, the other day, for some demi-tasse in a small cup." —*Harper's Bazaar*.

A REVOLVER is no large weapon, but it can be made to cover a very large man.—*Texas Siftings*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

"I WANT a dollar, Jones, and I want it bad."

"All right. Take this counterfeit." —*Quips*.

A "SOHMER" SOUVENIR.

The present year bids fair to be a memorable one in many ways, not the least of which is in the number and quality of the Souvenirs it gives rise to. Souvenir Medals, Souvenir Spoons, and Souvenirs of all kinds are being issued in unheard of quantities; and now we have the "Souvenir of 'SOHMER' Cartoons from PUCK, and other illus-

trated papers." This is a neat, little, handsomely printed book, containing half-tone reproductions of these famous Cartoons, and it is hardly necessary to say that, like the "SOHMER" Piano, its quality in tone, durability and finish can not be excelled. The book may be had of Messrs. SOHMER & CO., for the asking.

Fahys

Monarch 14 karat Watch Case is and does.

No finer finish, no more beautiful and chaste designs can be found. Best protection for movement, most durable and guaranteed to wear twenty-one years. All jewellers have them. In all sizes and in hunting and open face. Look out for Fahys & Co., N. Y.



MOTHER.— You careless boy! Look at your clothes! Have you been playing foot-ball again?

LITTLE SON.— No'm; only fightin'. —*Street & Smith's Good News*.

A BIRD in the hand may be worth two in the bush; but it is different with a thorn. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

Too Many to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and Druggists.

OUT in Chicago they refer to the new Columbian coins as their "better-halves." —*Yonkers Statesman*.



The P. D. Q.

THE MISSING LINK

Between the Uselessly Heavy and the Dangerously Light.

A reliable bicycle for any weight of rider—anywhere. Airtite-Dunlop detachable tires, not cemented to rim, easily repaired.

Weight, stripped, 32 lbs.

Price, \$150.00.

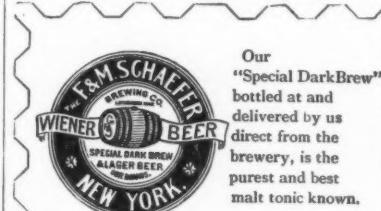
UNION CYCLE MFG. CO., 166-170 Columbus Ave., BOSTON, MASS.

Catalogue free on application.

Arnold Constable & Co.
IMPORTED
SPRING NOVELTIES.
WRAPS, CAPES,
JACKETS.

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EVENING DRESSES.**
New Colorings and New Materials

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Our "Special Dark Brew" bottled at and delivered by us direct from the brewery, is the purest and best malt tonic known.

Our brewings have been the standard for purity and excellence for the past 50 years.

10 Cents a Copy.



Six Months \$2.50.

Wood's Fair Puck

Be sure to subscribe for it.

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He or she who cycles not, knows little of the grandest pleasure to mortal permitted. He or she who rides not a Columbia knows not of "winged flight on bands of everlasting steel," for Columbias are sound.

Book about Columbias free at Columbia agencies by mail for two 2-cent stamps. Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

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Double Daily Train Service between Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth, and all points in Eastern, Western, Northern, and Central Wisconsin. Tourist Route to Yellowstone National Park.

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The Popular Route to the Delightful, Cool Summer and Fishing Resorts of

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Only line running Pullman Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers from Chicago to Portland and Pacific Coast Points, via Wisconsin Central Lines and Northern Pacific Railroad Co.

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FOR THE SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

The result of 20 years' practical experience in treating the Skin and Scalp, a medicinal toilet soap for bathing and beautifying. Prepared by a dermatologist. Sold by druggists, grocers and dry goods dealers, or sent by mail, a cake for \$1.00.

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